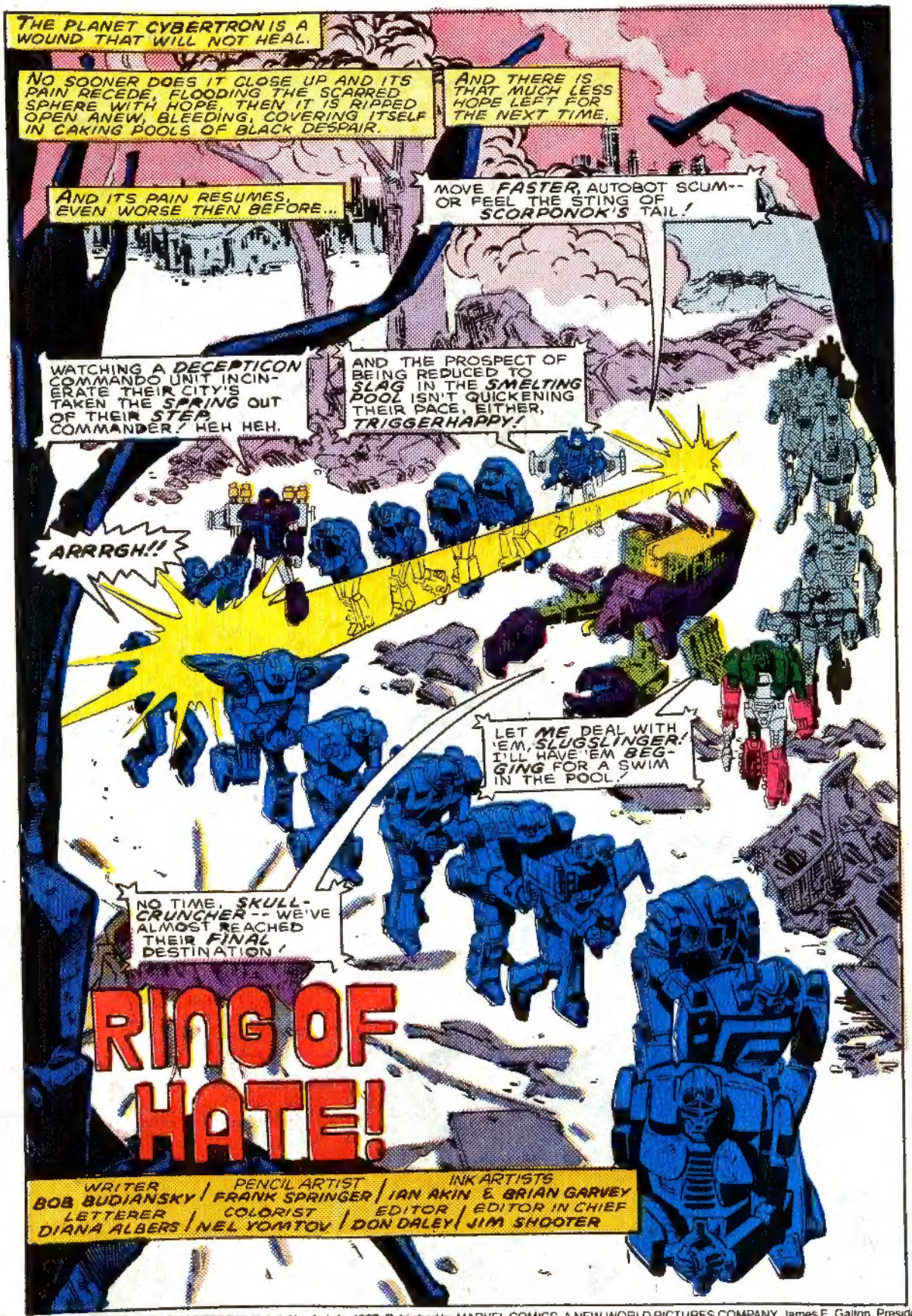

THE PLANET CYBERTRON IS A WOUND THAT WILL NOT HEAL.
NO SOONER DOES IT CLOSE UP AND ITS PAIN RECEDE, FLOODING THE SCARRED SPHERE WITH HOPE, THEN IT IS RIPPED OPEN ANEW, BLEEDING, COVERING ITSELF IN CAKING POOLS OF BLACK DESPAIR.
AND THERE IS THAT MUCH LESS HOPE LEFT FOR THE NEXT TIME.
AND ITS PAIN RESUMES, EVEN WORSE THEN BEFORE...
MOVE FASTER, AUTOBOT SCUM-- OR FEEL THE STING OF SCORPONOK'S TAIL!
WATCHING A DECEPTICON COMMANDO UNIT INCINERATE THEIR CITY'S TAKEN THE SPRING OUT OF THEIR STEP, COMMANDER! HEH HEH.
AND THE PROSPECT OF BEING REDUCED TO SLAG IN THE SMELTING POOL ISN'T QUICKENING THEIR PACE, EITHER, TRIGGERHAPPY!
ARRRGH!!
LET ME DEAL WITH 'EM, SLUGSLINGER! I'LL HAVE 'EM BEGGING FOR A SWIM IN THE POOL!
NO TIME, SKULLCRUNCHER -- WE'VE ALMOST REACHED THEIR FINAL DESTINATION!
RING OF HATE!
WRITER BOB BUDIANSKY / PENCIL ARTIST FRANK SPRINGER / INK ARTISTS IAN AKIN & BRIAN GARVEY
LETTERER DIANA ALBERS / COLORIST NEL YOMTOV / EDITOR DON DALEY / EDITOR IN CHIEF JIM SHOOTER

THE TRANSFORMERS™: HEADMASTERS™ Vol. 1, No. 1, July, 1987. Published by MARVEL COMICS, A NEW WORLD PICTURES COMPANY. James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice-President. Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Published bi-monthly. Copyright © 1987 Hasbro, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.00 per copy in the U.S. and $1.25 in Canada. Subscription rates $12.00 for 12 issues and $14.00 in Canada and foreign. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. THE TRANSFORMERS, HEADMASTERS (including all prominent characters featured in this issue) and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of Hasbro, Inc. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO THE TRANSFORMERS: HEADMASTERS, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.

AND YOU'VE REACHED YOURS, DECEPTICON!

OUR BRETHREN NEED HELP--

--AUTOBOTS TRANSFORM!

JUST WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR, FORTRESS MAXIMUS! LET'S PARTY!

PATIENCE, BLURR! THE COMMANDER WILL CHOOSE THE PROPER TIME--

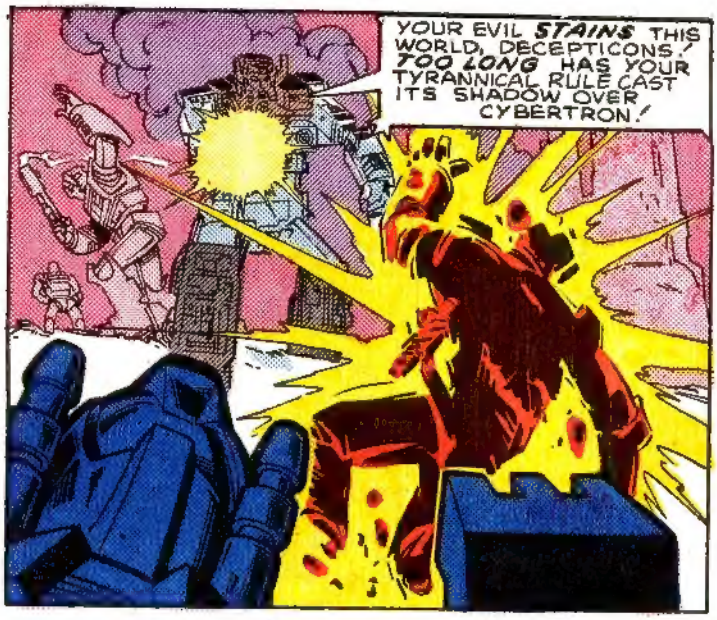
THE TIME IS NOW, HARDHEAD!

ROLL OUT!

LED BY FORTRESS MAXIMUS, THE SQUADRON OF AUTOBOTS TEARS THROUGH THE DECEPTICON RANKS LIKE A BUZZ SAW THROUGH FOIL.

THE SOUNDS OF EXPLOSIONS MIX WITH THE CRIES OF THE WOUNDED AND DYING...

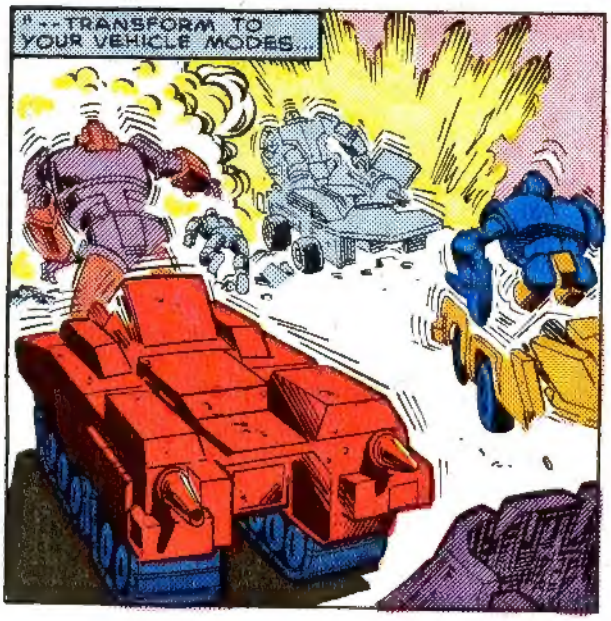
...AND VERY QUICKLY THE BATTLEFIELD QUIVERS WITH ONE ECHOING MOAN OF AGONY.

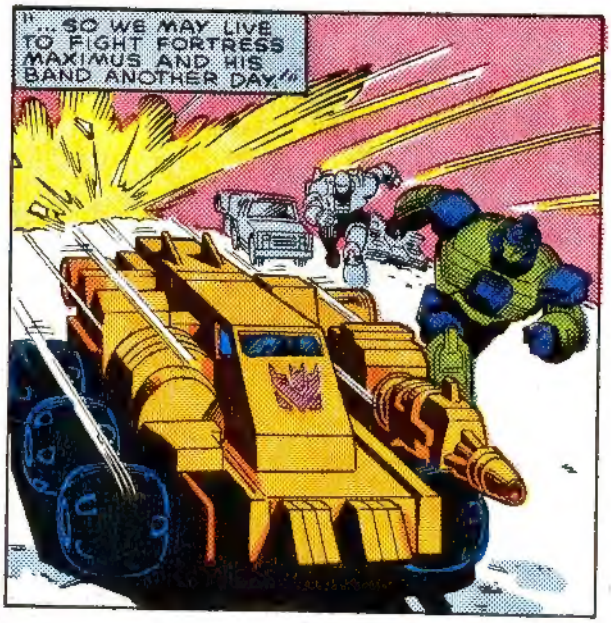

YOUR EVIL STAINS THIS WORLD, DECEPTICONS! TOO LONG HAS YOUR TYRANNICAL RULE CAST ITS SHADOW OVER CYBERTRON!

BUT NO MORE! YOUR END FAST APPROACHES!

WE'RE OUTGUNNED, SCORPONOK.
BY THE PRIME MATRIX, FORTRESS MAXIMUS ALONE MIGHT BE TOO MUCH FOR US TO HANDLE! THAT MACHINE MUST BE ON OVERDRIVE!

YOUR COWARDICE DESECRATES THE NAME DECEPTICON! BUT YOUR DESTRUCTION WOULD SERVE NO PURPOSE! COME--

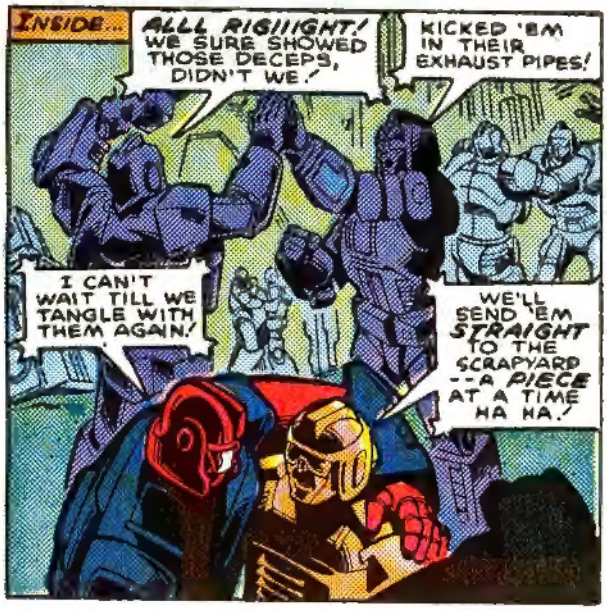

"--TRANSFORM TO YOUR VEHICLE MODES.

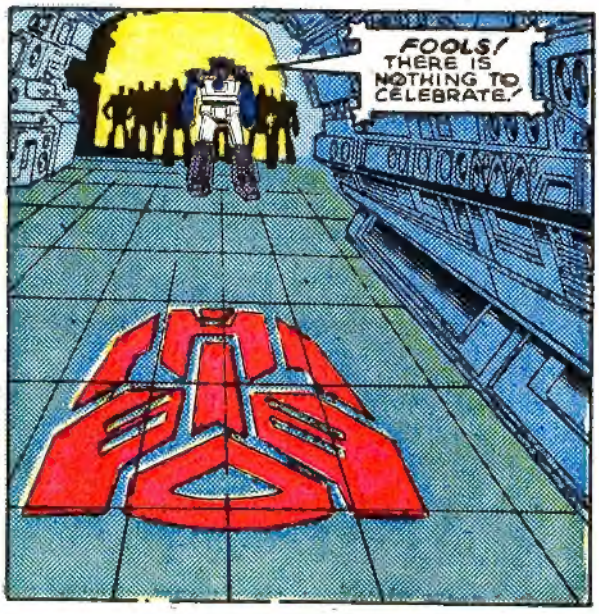

"...SO WE MAY LIVE TO FIGHT FORTRESS MAXIMUS AND HIS BAND ANOTHER DAY!"

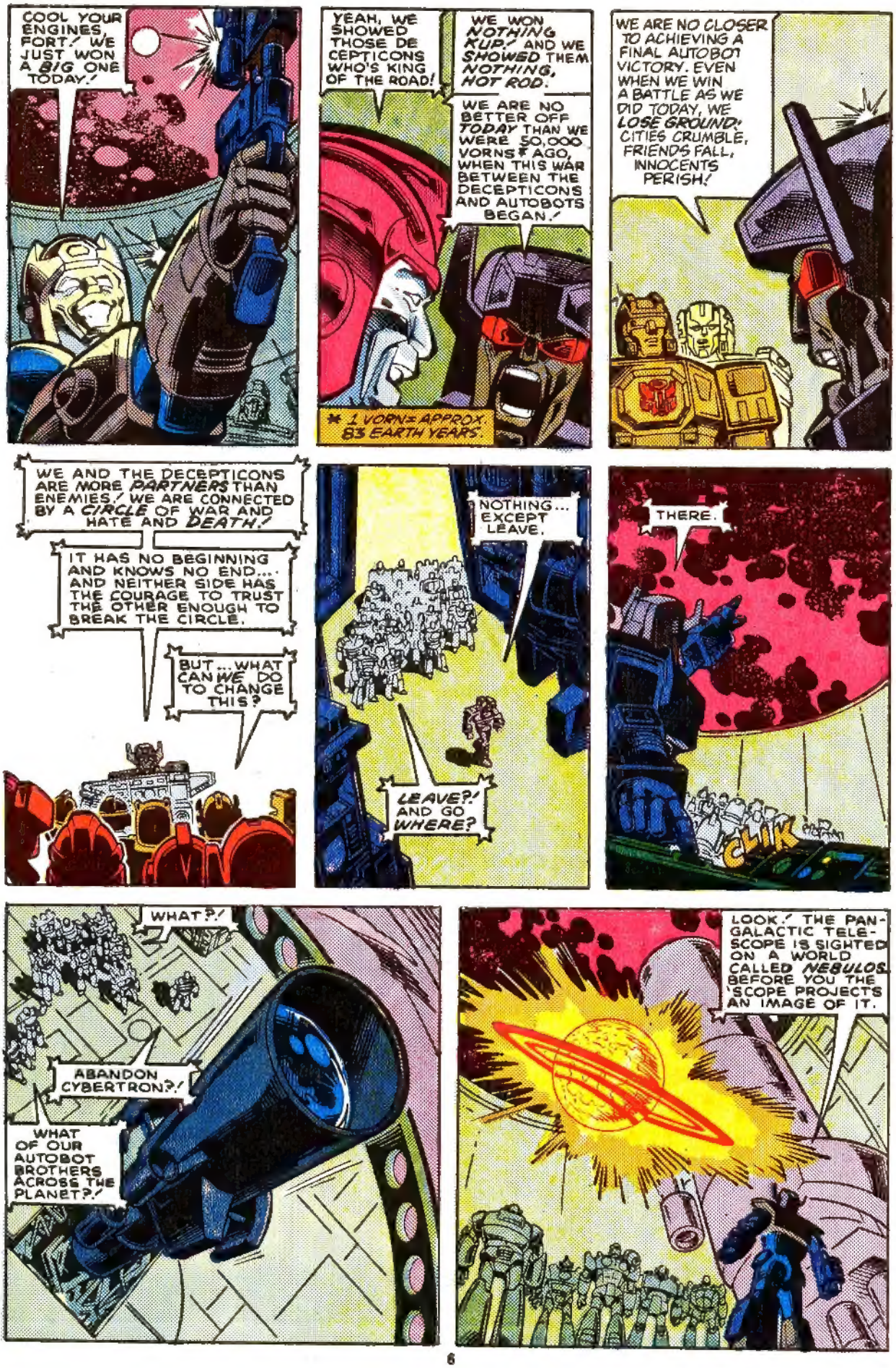
THE DECEPTICONS ARE ESCAPING, FORTRESS MAXIMUS! LET'S FINISH THEM OFF.
THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH DESTRUCTION!

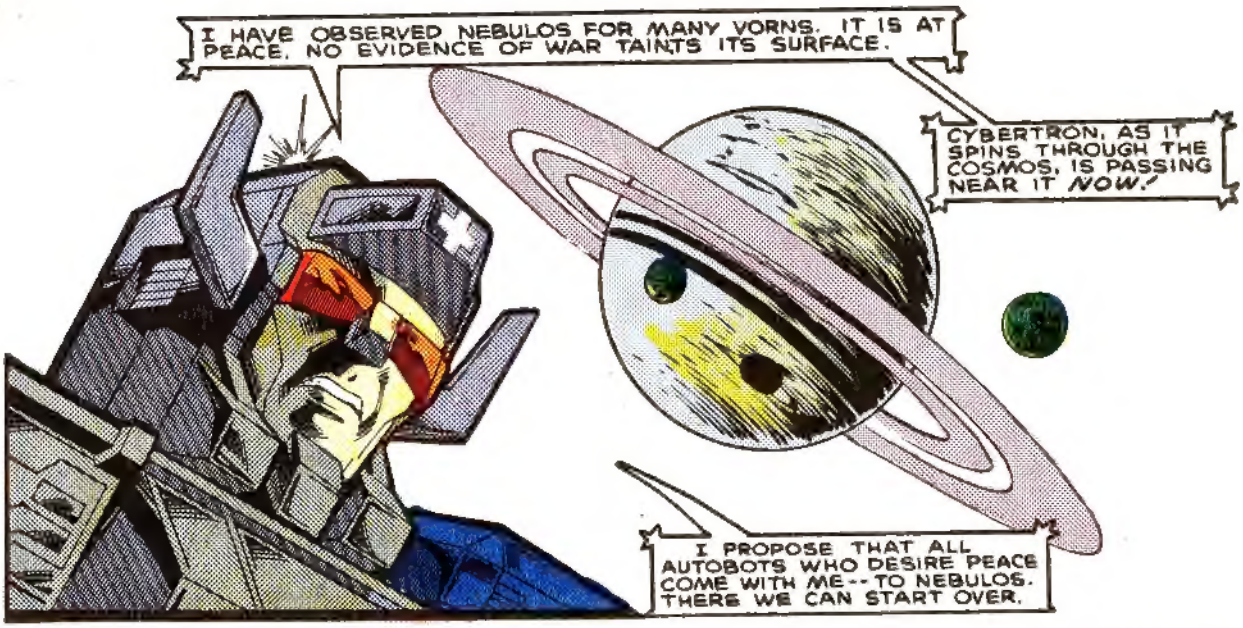
AND, AFTER DOING WHAT THEY CAN FOR THE BATTLE VICTIMS, THE AUTOBOTS TRANSFORM TO THEIR VEHICLE MODES AND HEAD FOR THEIR SECRET HEADQUARTERS--

--A CAVE GOUGED INTO THE BASE OF THE REMOTE MANGANESE MOUNTAINS.


INSIDE...
ALL RIGHT! WE SURE SHOWED THOSE DECEPS, DIDN'T WE!
KICKED 'EM IN THEIR EXHAUST PIPES!
I CAN'T WAIT TILL WE TANGLE WITH THEM AGAIN!
WE'LL SEND 'EM STRAIGHT TO THE SCRAPYARD --A PIECE AT A TIME HA HA!

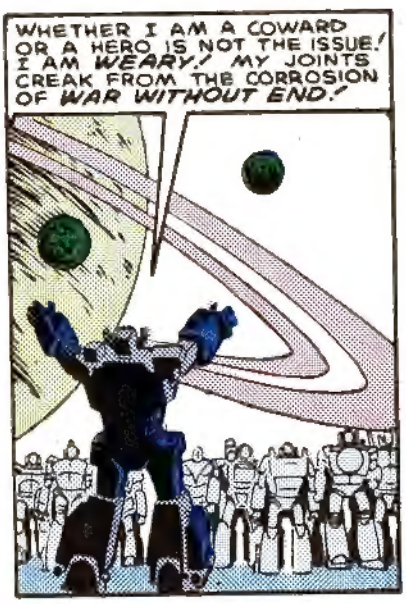

FOOLS! THERE IS NOTHING TO CELEBRATE.


COOL YOUR ENGINES, FORT! WE JUST WON A BIG ONE TODAY!
YEAH, WE SHOWED THOSE DE CEPTICONS WHO'S KING OF THE ROAD!
WE WON NOTHING KUP! AND WE SHOWED THEM NOTHING, HOT ROD.
WE ARE NO BETTER OFF TODAY THAN WE WERE 50,000 VORNS* AGO, WHEN THIS WAR BETWEEN THE DECEPTICONS AND AUTOBOTS BEGAN!
* 1 VORN= APPROX. 83 EARTH YEARS.
WE ARE NO CLOSER TO ACHIEVING A FINAL AUTOBOT VICTORY. EVEN WHEN WE WIN A BATTLE AS WE DID TODAY, WE LOSE GROUND. CITIES CRUMBLE, FRIENDS FALL, INNOCENTS PERISH!
WE AND THE DECEPTICONS ARE MORE PARTNERS THAN ENEMIES! WE ARE CONNECTED BY A CIRCLE OF WAR AND HATE AND DEATH!
IT HAS NO BEGINNING AND KNOWS NO END.... AND NEITHER SIDE HAS THE COURAGE TO TRUST THE OTHER ENOUGH TO BREAK THE CIRCLE.
BUT...WHAT CAN WE DO TO CHANGE THIS?
NOTHING... EXCEPT LEAVE.
LEAVE?! AND GO WHERE?
THERE.
CLIK
WHAT?!
ABANDON CYBERTRON?!
WHAT OF OUR AUTOBOT BROTHERS ACROSS THE PLANET?!
LOOK! THE PAN-GALACTIC TELE-SCOPE IS SIGHTED ON A WORLD CALLED NEBULOS. BEFORE YOU THE 'SCOPE PROJECTS AN IMAGE OF IT.

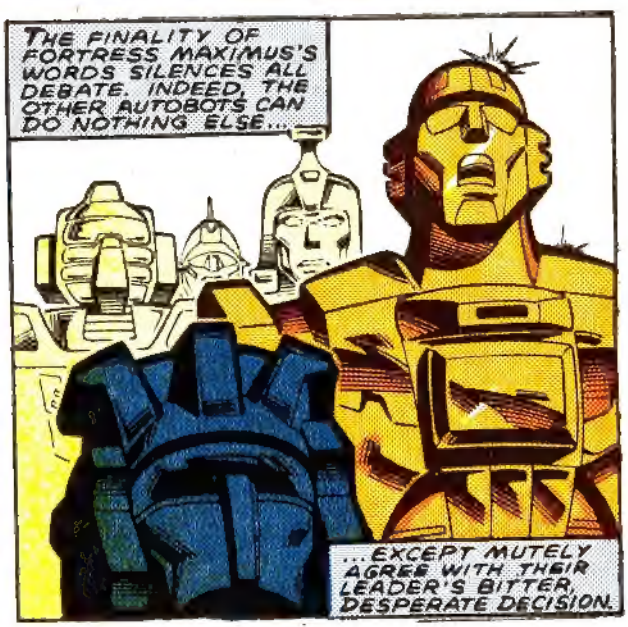

I HAVE OBSERVED NEBULOS FOR MANY VORNS. IT IS AT PEACE. NO EVIDENCE OF WAR TAINTS ITS SURFACE.
CYBERTRON, AS IT SPINS THROUGH THE COSMOS, IS PASSING NEAR IT NOW!
I PROPOSE THAT ALL AUTOBOTS WHO DESIRE PEACE COME WITH ME--TO NEBULOS. THERE WE CAN START OVER.

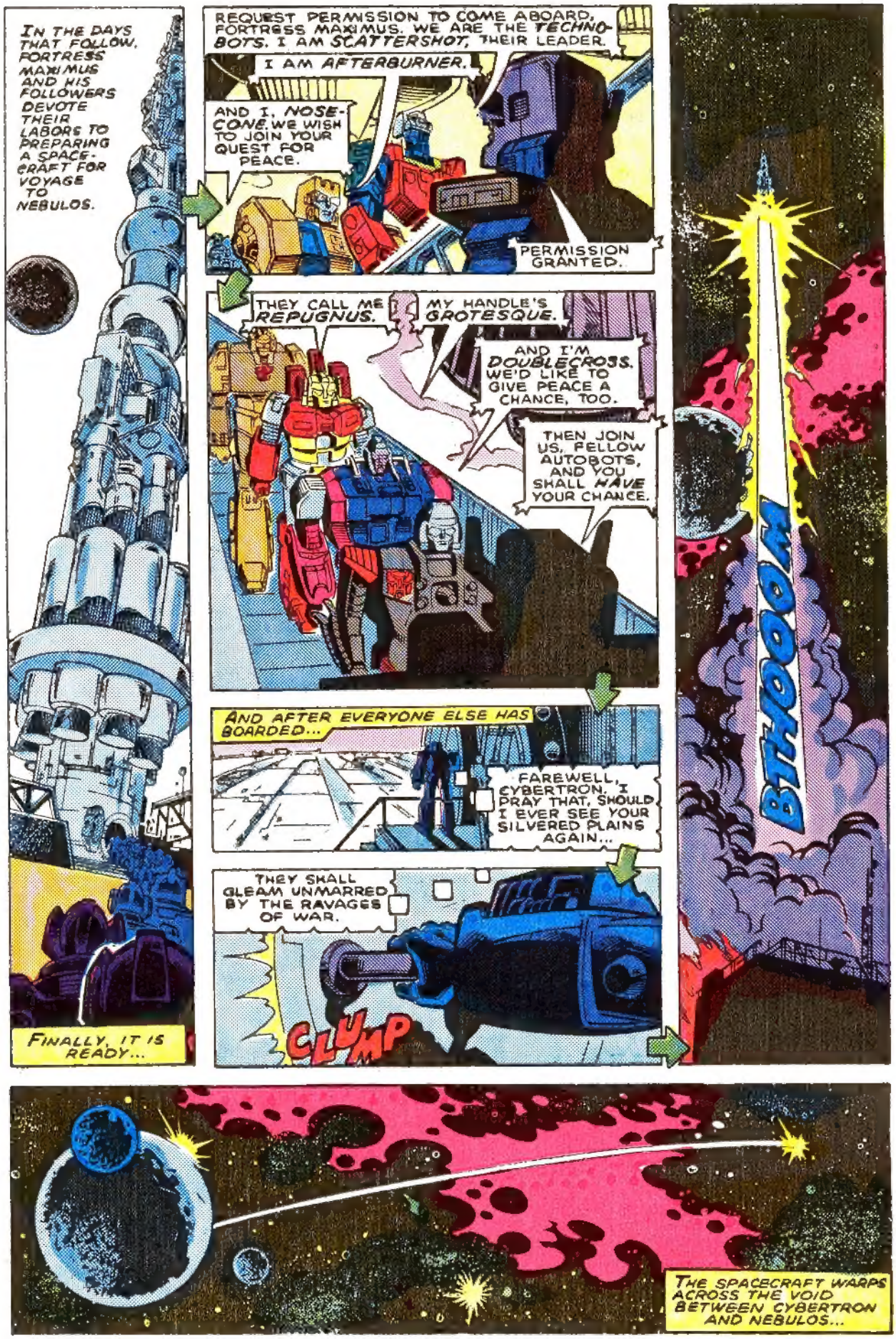
"BUT FORTRESS MAXIMUS, THOUSANDS OF VORNS AGO THE GREAT AUTOBOT WARRIOR OPTIMUS PRIME LEFT CYBERTRON WITH MANY OF HIS FOLLOWERS... AND THEY WERE NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN."

BUT HIS DEPARTURE WAS UNPLANNED, KUP.
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE IF WE PLAN OURS? LEAVING'S AN ACT OF COWARDICE!
DO YOU ACCUSE FORTRESS MAXIMUS OF COWARDICE, HARDHEAD? REMEMBER WHAT HE DID IN BATTLE TODAY! NO AUTOBOT COULD BE BRAVER!

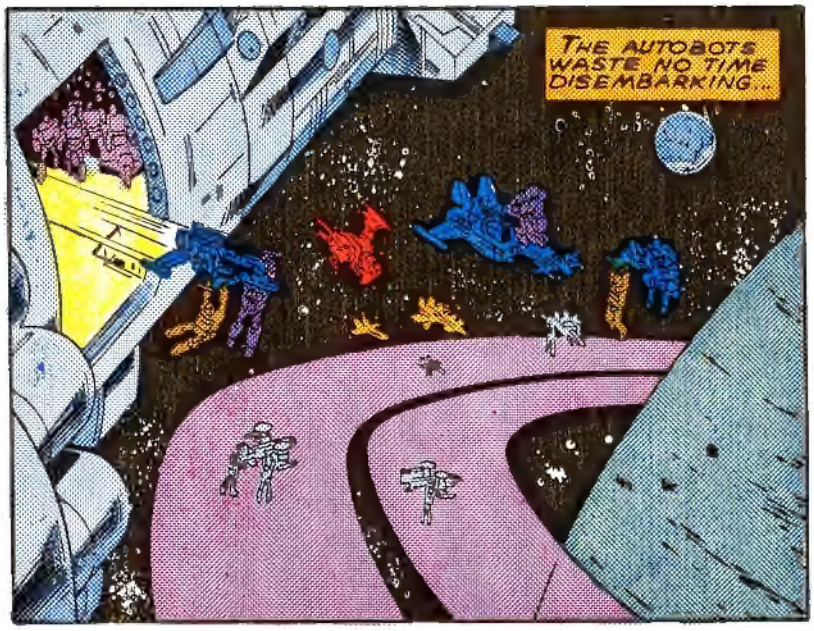

WHETHER I AM A COWARD OR A HERO IS NOT THE ISSUE! I AM WEARY! MY JOINTS CREAK FROM THE CORROSION OF WAR WITHOUT END!

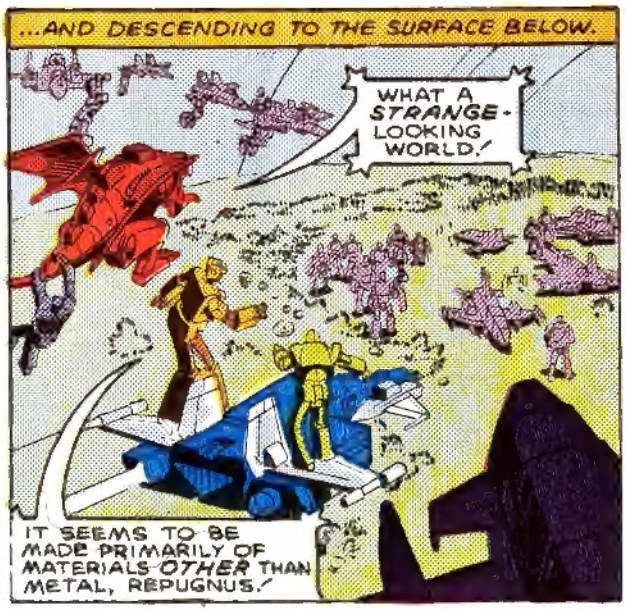
I... CANNOT BREAK THIS RING OF HATE THAT SURROUNDS US ALL--
--BUT I CAN REMOVE MYSELF FROM IT.
NO MATTER WHAT YOU DECIDE... I AM LEAVING.


THE FINALITY OF FORTRESS MAXIMUS'S WORDS SILENCES ALL DEBATE. INDEED, THE OTHER AUTOBOTS CAN DO NOTHING ELSE...
...EXCEPT MUTELY AGREE WITH THEIR LEADER'S BITTER, DESPERATE DECISION.

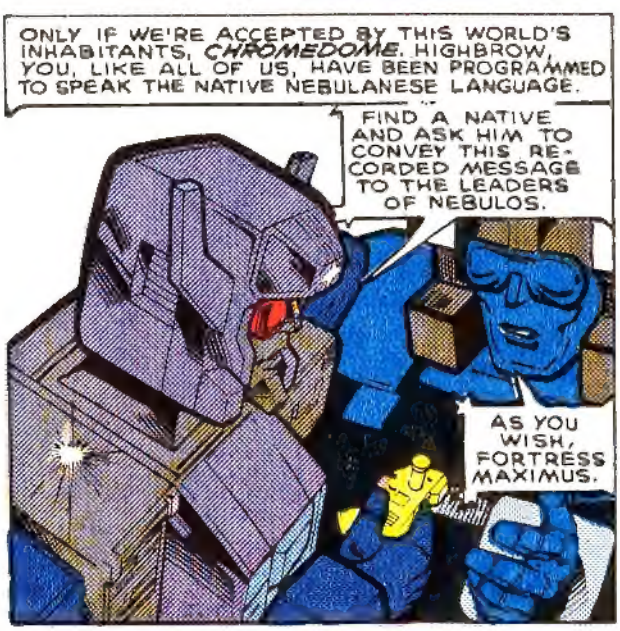

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, FORTRESS MAXIMUS AND HIS FOLLOWERS DEVOTE THEIR LABORS TO PREPARING A SPACE-CRAFT FOR VOYAGE TO NEBULOS.
FINALLY, IT IS READY...
REQUEST PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD, FORTRESS MAXIMUS. WE ARE THE TECHNO-BOTS. I AM SCATTERSHOT, THEIR LEADER.
I AM AFTERBURNER.
AND I, NOSE-CONE. WE WISH TO JOIN YOUR QUEST FOR PEACE.
PERMISSION GRANTED.
THEY CALL ME REPUGNUS.
MY HANDLE'S GROTESQUE.
AND I'M DOUBLECROSS. WE'D LIKE TO GIVE PEACE A CHANCE, TOO.
THEN JOIN US, FELLOW AUTOBOTS, AND YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR CHANCE.
AND AFTER EVERYONE ELSE HAS BOARDED...
FAREWELL, CYBERTRON. I PRAY THAT, SHOULD I EVER SEE YOUR SILVERED PLAINS AGAIN...
THEY SHALL GLEAM UNMARRED BY THE RAVAGES OF WAR.
CLUMP
BTHOOM
THE SPACECRAFT WARPS ACROSS THE VOID BETWEEN CYBERTRON AND NEBULOS...

...AND IS SOON PARKED IN ORBIT ABOVE ITS DESTINATION.

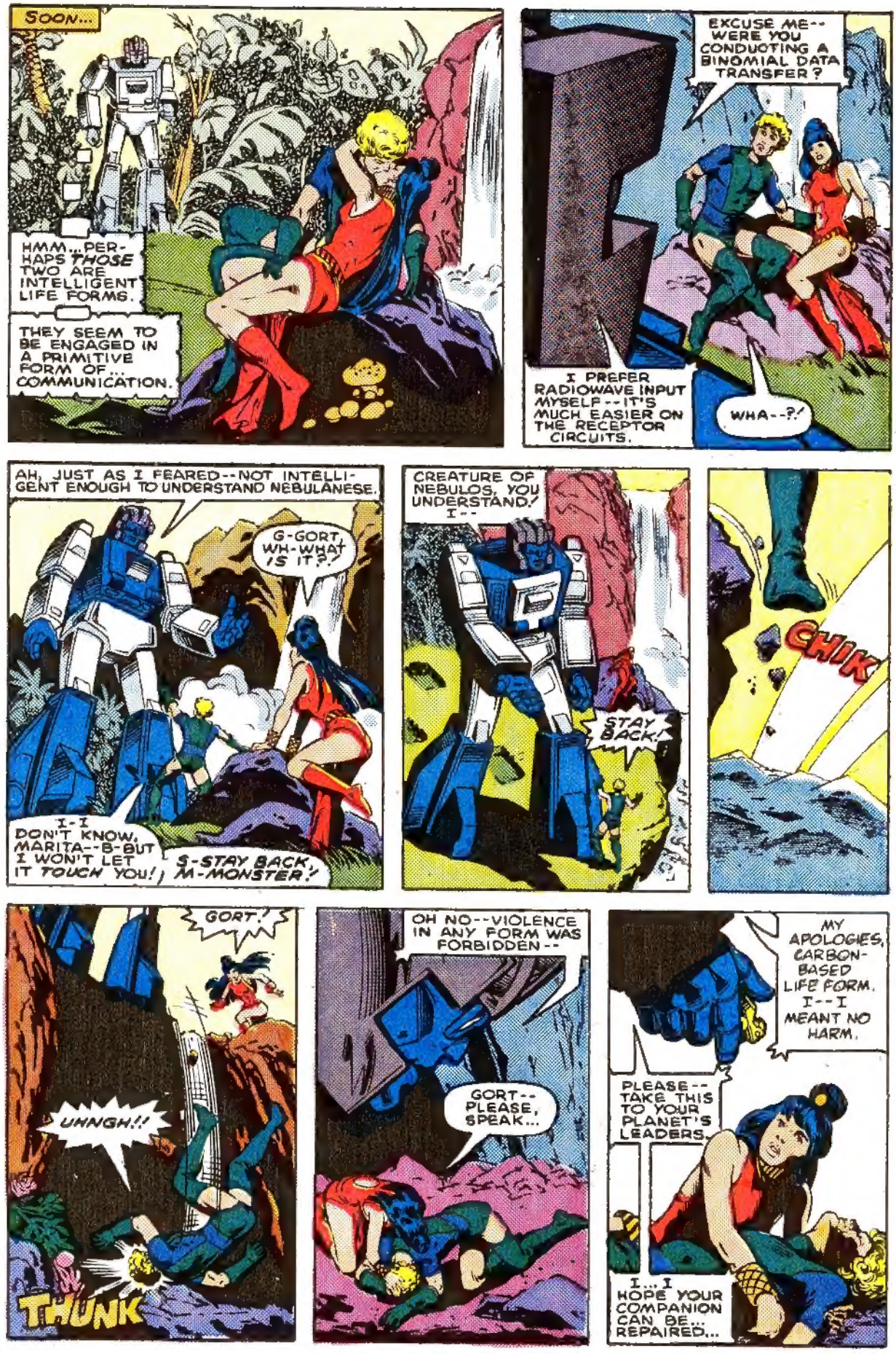

THE AUTOBOTS WASTE NO TIME DISEMBARKING...

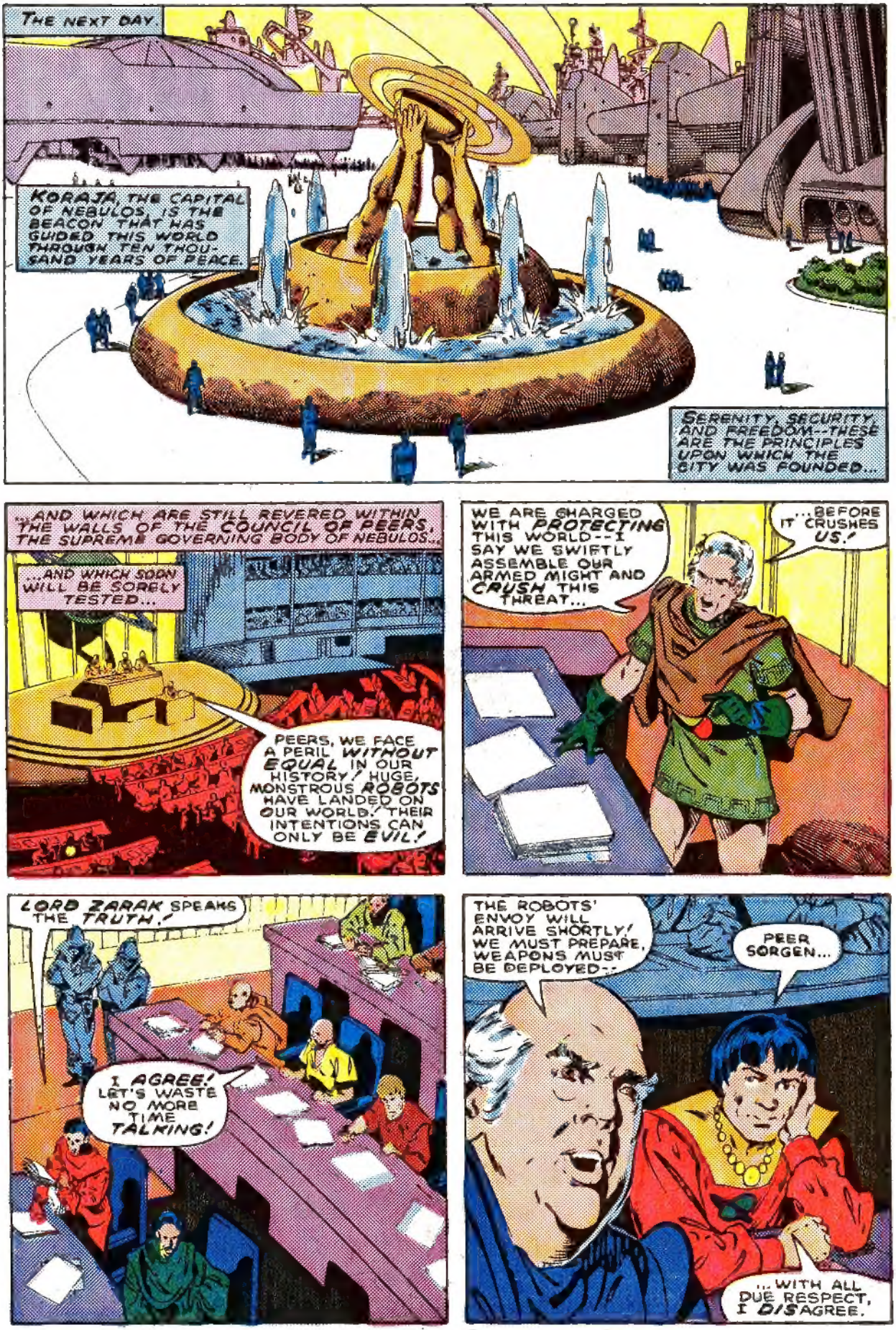

...AND DESCENDING TO THE SURFACE BELOW.
WHAT A STRANGE-LOOKING WORLD!
IT SEEMS TO BE MADE PRIMARILY OF MATERIALS OTHER THAN METAL, REPUGNUS!

MY LIFE DETECTOR GIVES READINGS NOT FOR METAL-BASED LIFE, LIKE OURSELVES... BUT CARBON-BASED!
MY RESEARCH ANTICIPATED THAT, HIGHBROW.
HMM... ATMOSPHERE ISN'T DANGEROUS TO TRANSFORMER LIFE-- BUT DIHYDROGEN-OXYGEN MOLECULES IN THE AIR POSE A MINOR THREAT OF CORROSION.
YOU DEPEND MORE ON YOUR CHEMICAL ANALYZER THAN YOUR OWN OPTICAL SENSORS, BRAINSTORM! THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A PARADISE!


ONLY IF WE'RE ACCEPTED BY THIS WORLD'S INHABITANTS, CHROMEDOME. HIGHBROW, YOU, LIKE ALL OF US, HAVE BEEN PROGRAMMED TO SPEAK THE NATIVE NEBULANESE LANGUAGE.
FIND A NATIVE AND ASK HIM TO CONVEY THIS RECORDED MESSAGE TO THE LEADERS OF NEBULOS.
AS YOU WISH, FORTRESS MAXIMUS.

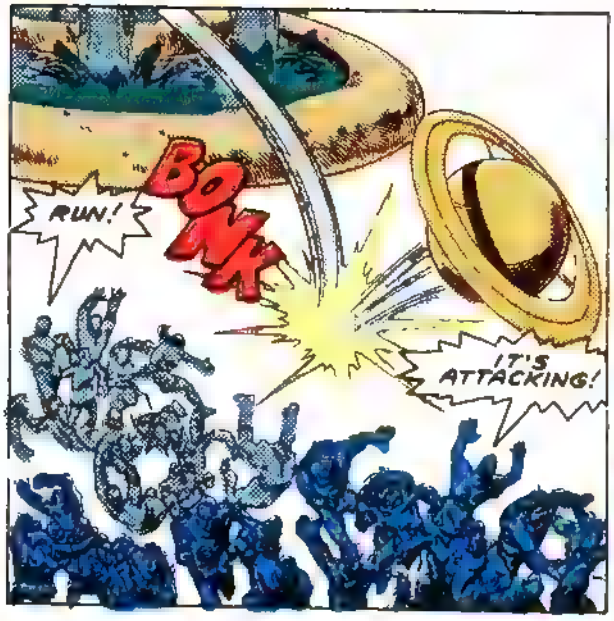
BESIDES, I CAN'T WAIT TO DO A LITTLE EXPLORING ON MY OWN!


SOON...
HMM...PERHAPS THOSE TWO ARE INTELLIGENT LIFE FORMS.
THEY SEEM TO BE ENGAGED IN A PRIMITIVE FORM OF... COMMUNICATION.
EXCUSE ME--WERE YOU CONDUCTING A BINOMIAL DATA TRANSFER?
I PREFER RADIOWAVE INPUT MYSELF--IT'S MUCH EASIER ON THE RECEPTOR CIRCUITS.
WHA--?!
AH, JUST AS I FEARED--NOT INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND NEBULANESE.
G-GORT WH-WHAT IS IT?!
I-I DON'T KNOW, MARITA--B-BUT I WON'T LET IT TOUCH YOU!
S-STAY BACK, M-MONSTER!
CREATURE OF NEBULOS, YOU UNDERSTAND! I--
STAY BACK!
CHIK
GORT!
UNNGH!!
THUNK
OH NO--VIOLENCE IN ANY FORM WAS FORBIDDEN--
GORT--PLEASE, SPEAK...
MY APOLOGIES, CARBON-BASED LIFE FORM. I--I MEANT NO HARM.
PLEASE--TAKE THIS TO YOUR PLANET'S LEADERS.
I...I HOPE YOUR COMPANION CAN BE... REPAIRED...


THE NEXT DAY
KORAJA, THE CAPITAL OF NEBULOS, IS THE BEACON THAT HAS GUIDED THIS WORLD THROUGH TEN THOUSAND YEARS OF PEACE.
SERENITY, SECURITY, AND FREEDOM--THESE ARE THE PRINCIPLES UPON WHICH THE CITY WAS FOUNDED...
...AND WHICH ARE STILL REVERED WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE COUNCIL OF PEERS, THE SUPREME GOVERNING BODY OF NEBULOS...
...AND WHICH SOON WILL BE SORELY TESTED...
PEERS, WE FACE A PERIL WITHOUT EQUAL IN OUR HISTORY! HUGE, MONSTROUS ROBOTS HAVE LANDED ON OUR WORLD! THEIR INTENTIONS CAN ONLY BE EVIL!
WE ARE CHARGED WITH PROTECTING THIS WORLD--I SAY WE SWIFTLY ASSEMBLE OUR ARMED MIGHT AND CRUSH THIS THREAT...
...BEFORE IT CRUSHES US!
LORD ZARAK SPEAKS THE TRUTH!
I AGREE! LET'S WASTE NO MORE TIME TALKING!
THE ROBOTS' ENVOY WILL ARRIVE SHORTLY! WE MUST PREPARE, WEAPONS MUST BE DEPLOYED--
PEER SORGEN...
...WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, I DISAGREE.

GALEN?!
AS LEADER OF THE WORLD-WATCHERS I HAVE THE SAME OBLIGATION TO MAINTAIN PEACE AND ENVIRONMENTAL HARMONY AS DID THOSE WHO FOUNDED MY ORGANIZATION TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO..
WHEN OUR PLANET TEETERED ON THE BRINK OF DESTROYING ITSELF
WE LOCKED AWAY ALL IMPLEMENTS OF WAR AND HAVE DELIVERED ON OUR PROMISE EVER SINCE.
I SAY WE RISK BELIEVING THESE ROBOTS.
PLEASE REPLAY THE HOLOGRAM MESSAGE WE RECEIVED YESTERDAY
CLIK
GREETINGS LEADERS OF NEBULOS. I AM FORTRESS MAXIMUS MY PEOPLE, THE AUTOBOTS, COME TO YOUR WORLD IN PEACE. WHEN YOUR SUN IS AT ITS ZENITH TOMORROW MY ENVOY, BLURR, WILL ARRIVE TO DISCUSS OUR DESIRE TO LIVE IN HARMONY WITH YOU.
LIES! ALREADY ONE OF HIS KIND HAS STRUCK DOWN A NEBULAN CITIZEN!
THE ROBOTS MUST BE ELIMINATED!
IN THE VISITORS' GALLERY OVERLOOKING THE COUNCIL CHAMBER...
NO! GORT'S INJURY WAS AN ACCID--
SIT DOWN, YOUNG LADY! NON-COUNCIL MEMBERS ARE FORBIDDEN TO INTERRUPT THE PROCEEDINGS.
THEY MUST BE GIVEN THE CHANCE TO SPEAK!
WE HAVE NURTURED OUR PEACE TOO LONG TO ALLOW IT TO WITHER BEFORE SUSPICION AND FEAR!
LET US HAVE THE COURAGE TO TRUST!
MOST COUNCIL MEMBERS ARE PERSUADED BY GALEN'S ARGUMENT...
...BUT NOT ALL...
KRUNK, COME HERE. I HAVE INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOU...

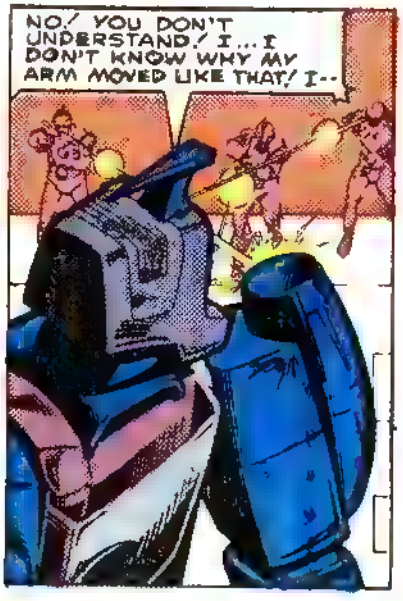
AND SOON...
THE PEOPLE TREAT THIS LIKE A CELEBRATION, GALEN. I HOPE THEY'RE RIGHT FOR YOUR SAKE... AND THEIRS.
WE MUST PUT OUR TRUST IN PEACE, LORD ZARAK.
THEN WE HAD BETTER START NOW...
"...FOR THE ENVOY ARRIVES!"
DUROS, ARE YOUR COUNCIL GUARDS IN PLACE?
ALL SECURITY MEASURES FOR THE CROWD'S SAFETY ARE IN EFFECT, SIR.
KRUNK--?
I'M READY, LORD ZARAK.
AND BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF THE ASSEMBLED, A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION OCCURS...
PEOPLE OF NEBULOS..
I BID YOU GREETINGS. I AM BLURR, EMISSARY OF THE PEACE-LOVING AUTOBOTS...
ALL THOSE JERKS ARE TOO BUSY WATCHING THAT HUNK OF JUNK TO NOTICE ME... AND MY MAGNETIC POLARIZER...
AND I--
--WHAT?!
THUNK

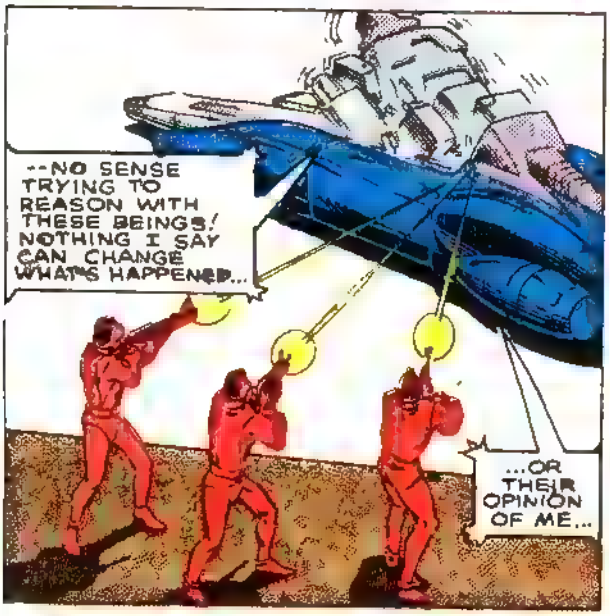

RUN!
BONK
IT'S ATTACKING!

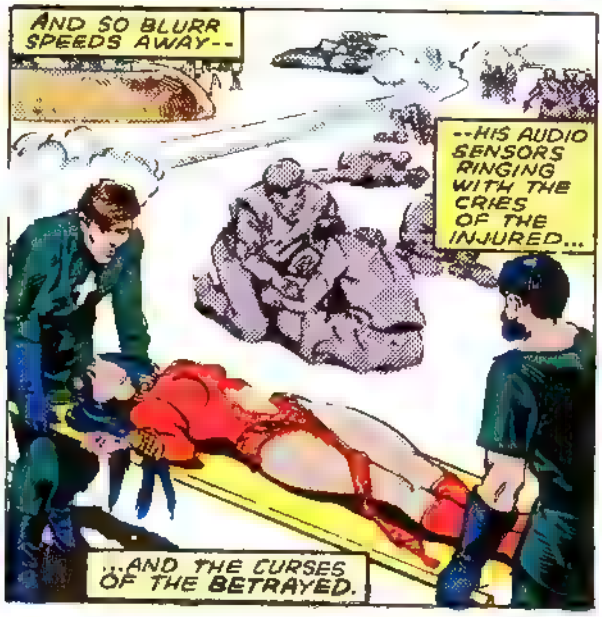
INSTANTLY THE PLAZA SWARMS WITH PANICKED NEBULANS, ALL TRYING TO FLEE FROM BLURR...
...BUT NOT ALL SUCCEEDING.

TIME FOR THE NEXT PHASE OF MY PLAN..
KRUNK! SUMMON MY PERSONAL MILITIA!

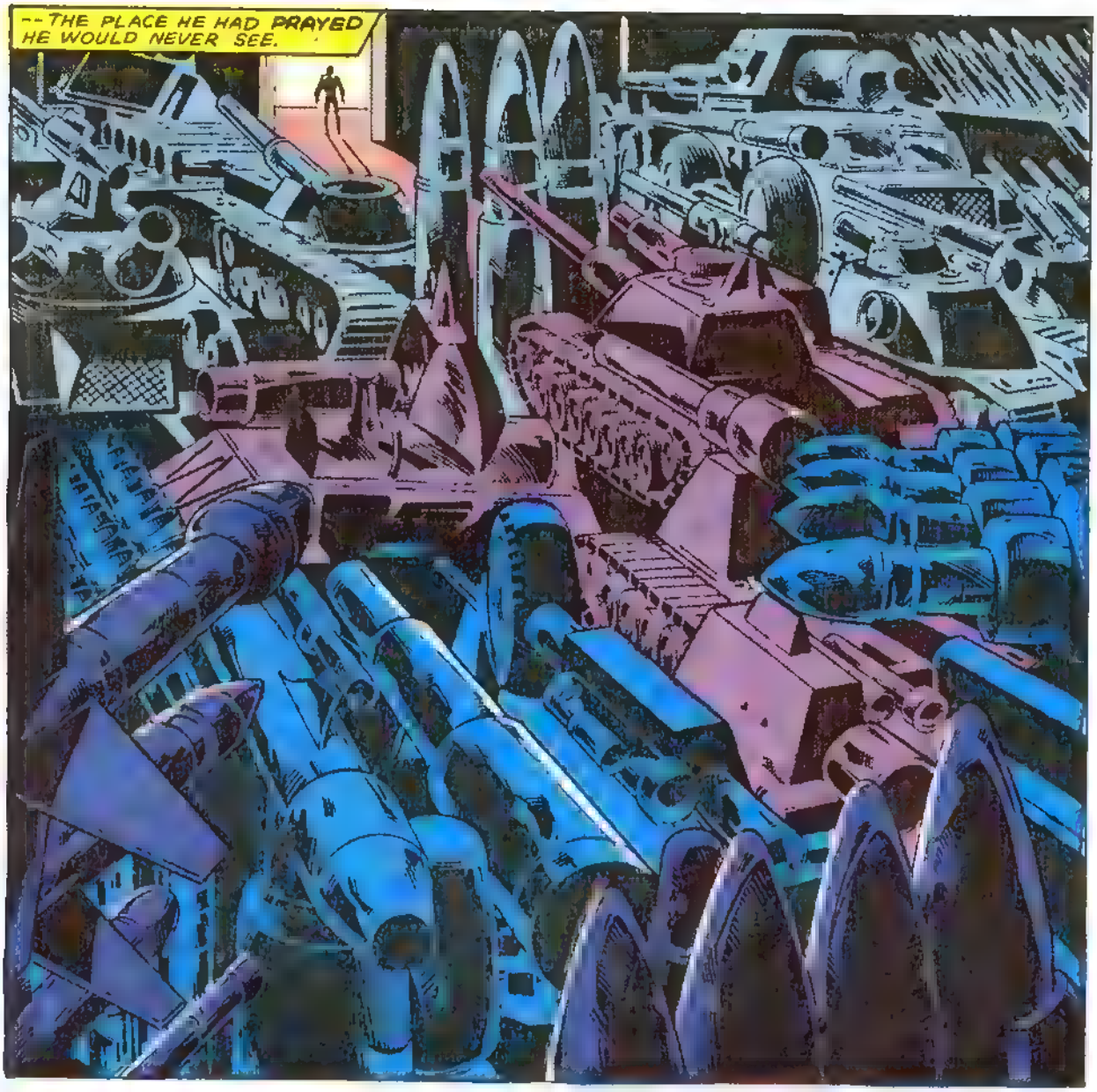
DESTROY THAT ROBOT!

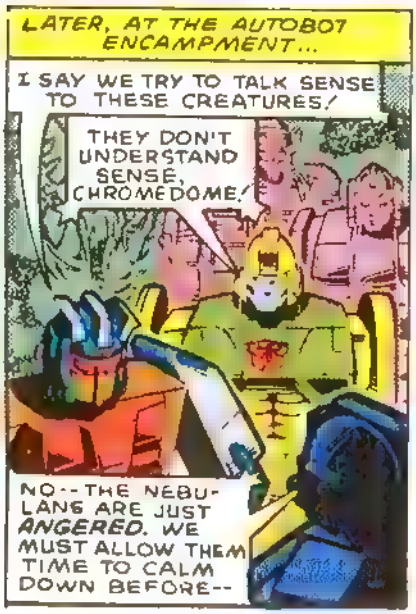

NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I... I DON'T KNOW WHY MY ARM MOVED LIKE THAT! I--

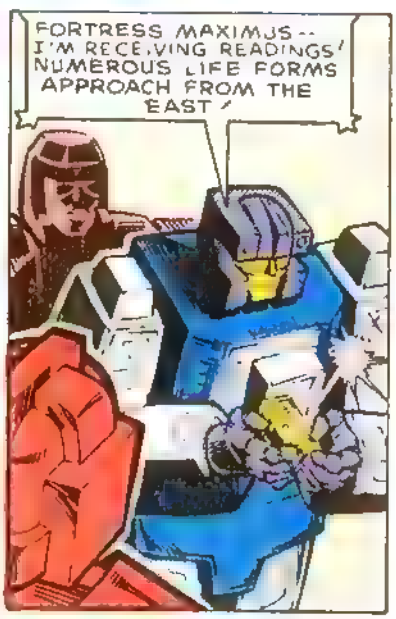

--NO SENSE TRYING TO REASON WITH THESE BEINGS! NOTHING I SAY CAN CHANGE WHAT'S HAPPENED...
...OR THEIR OPINION OF ME...


AND SO BLURR SPEEDS AWAY--
--HIS AUDIO SENSORS RINGING WITH THE CRIES OF THE INJURED...
...AND THE CURSES OF THE BETRAYED.

SOON AT THE AUTOBOT ENCAMPMENT
ONLY SOME MINOR LASER BURNS BLEED
I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. BRAINSTORM MY ARM FELT STRANGE ...AS IF IT WERE MOMENTARILY MAGNETIZED AND DRAWN TO THAT STEEL GLOBE.
THEN THE NEBULANS ATTACKED
IT'S A SIGHT THEY WANT WE'RE THE ONES TO GIVE IT TO THEM!
NO... THAT'S THE LAST THING WE WANT TO DO! WE CAME HERE TO LIVE IN PEACE NOT MAKE WAR!
ELSEWHERE IN THE DESERTS AN ALIEN CRAFT LANDS IT'S WAY AMONG THE FORBIDDING PEAKS
...AND LANDS.
A LONE FIGURE EMERGES
A MAN WHOSE LIFE IS NO LONGER HIS TO CONTROL
DUTY FORCED HIM TO COME HERE...
CLINK
AND MY DUTY DEMANDS I DO THE SAME.
BZZIP.
CREEEEEK!
IT'S THIS PLACE.

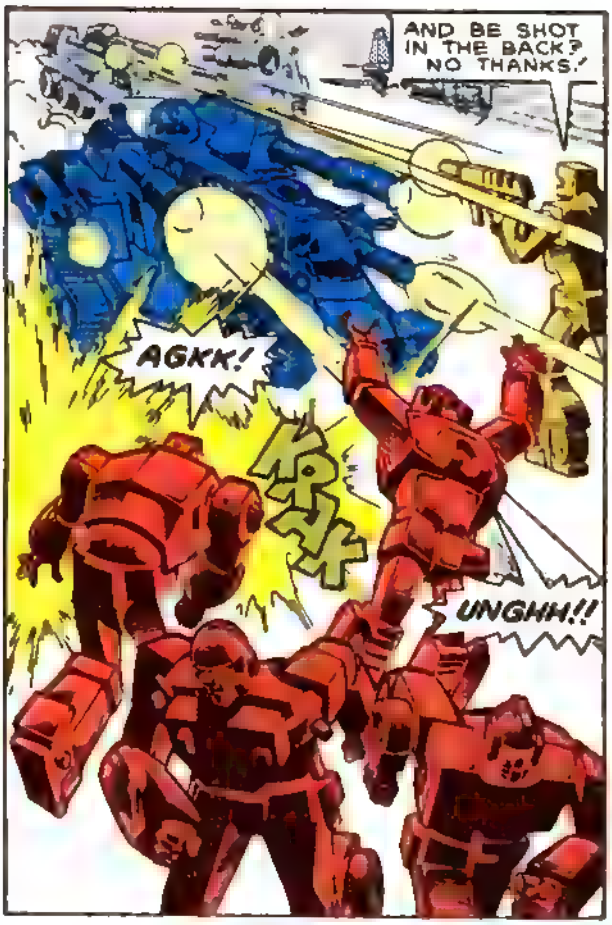

--THE PLACE HE HAD PRAYED HE WOULD NEVER SEE.

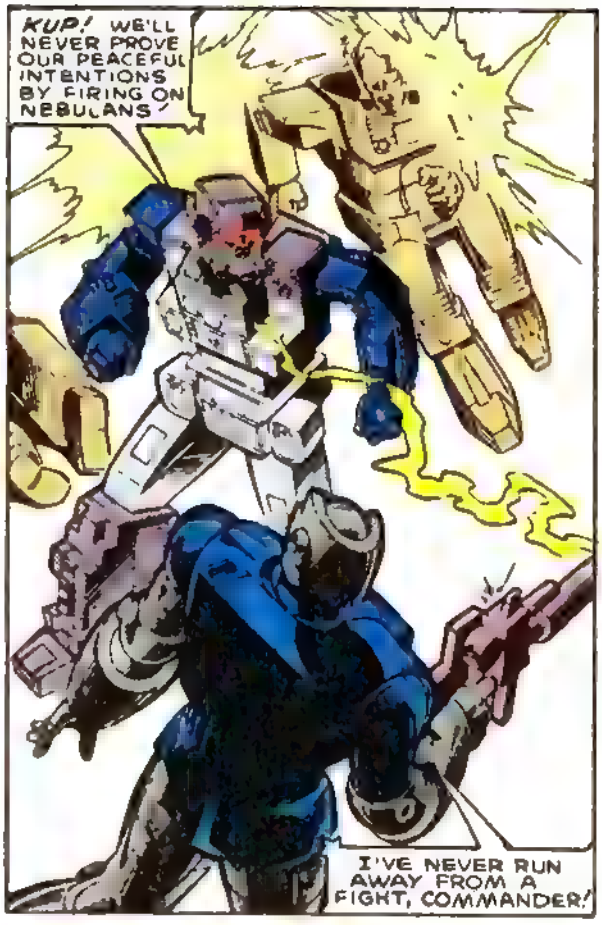

LATER, AT THE AUTOBOT ENCAMPMENT...
I SAY WE TRY TO TALK SENSE TO THESE CREATURES!
THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND SENSE, CHROMEDOME!
NO--THE NEBULANS ARE JUST ANGERED. WE MUST ALLOW THEM TIME TO CALM DOWN BEFORE--

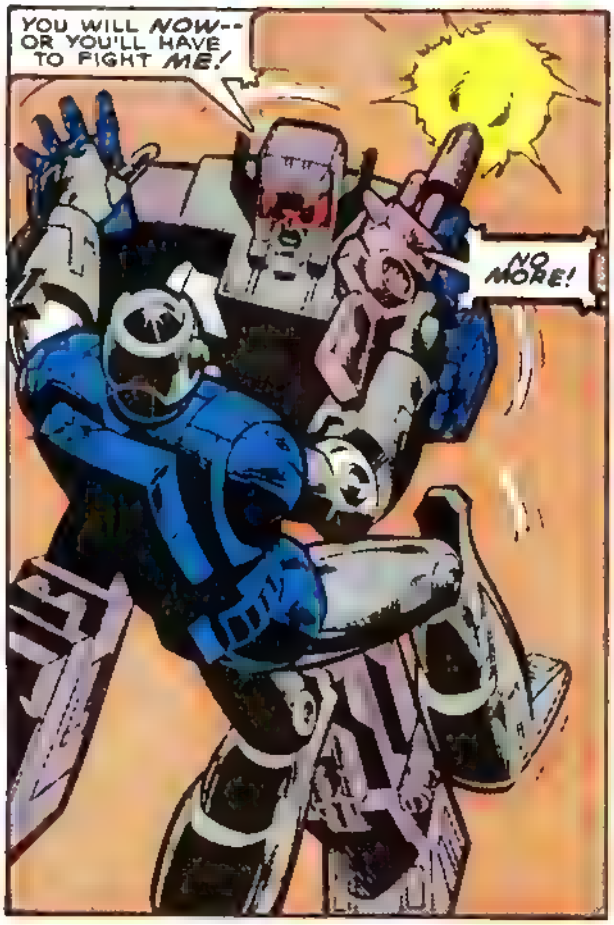

FORTRESS MAXIMUS--I'M RECEIVING READINGS! NUMEROUS LIFE FORMS APPROACH FROM THE EAST!

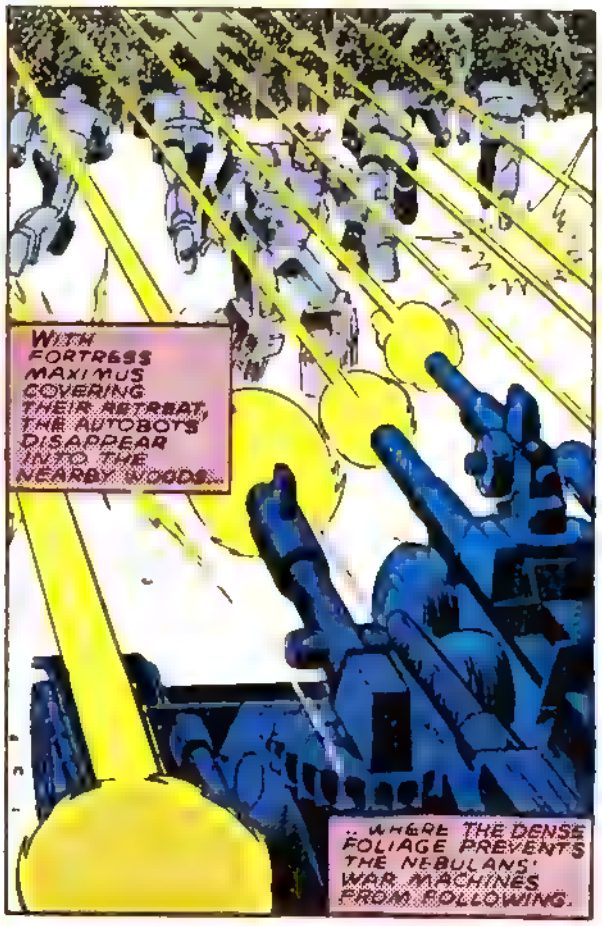
PERHAPS THE NEBULANS HAVE SENT A DELEGATION TO OPEN A DIALOGUE WITH US, BRAINSTORM
LET US GO AND GREET THEM

NO! IT'S A FULL-SCALE ATTACK!
BLAP!
KABOOM!
UNNGH!!
KPOW
BUT THE OTHER AUTOBOTS FEEL DIFFERENTLY...
WE'VE GOT THEM ON THE RUN, GALEN! SHOULD I GIVE ORDERS TO PURSUE?
UNTIL THE LAST ROBOT HAS FALLEN, DUROS.
POOM
FORTRESS MAXIMUS SAID THIS WORLD EVIDENCED NO CAPACITY FOR MAKING WAR, KUP!
THIS IS ONE TIME I'M GLAD HE WAS WRONG, HARDHEAD!
THE COMMANDER SAID NO FIGHTING! RETREAT!

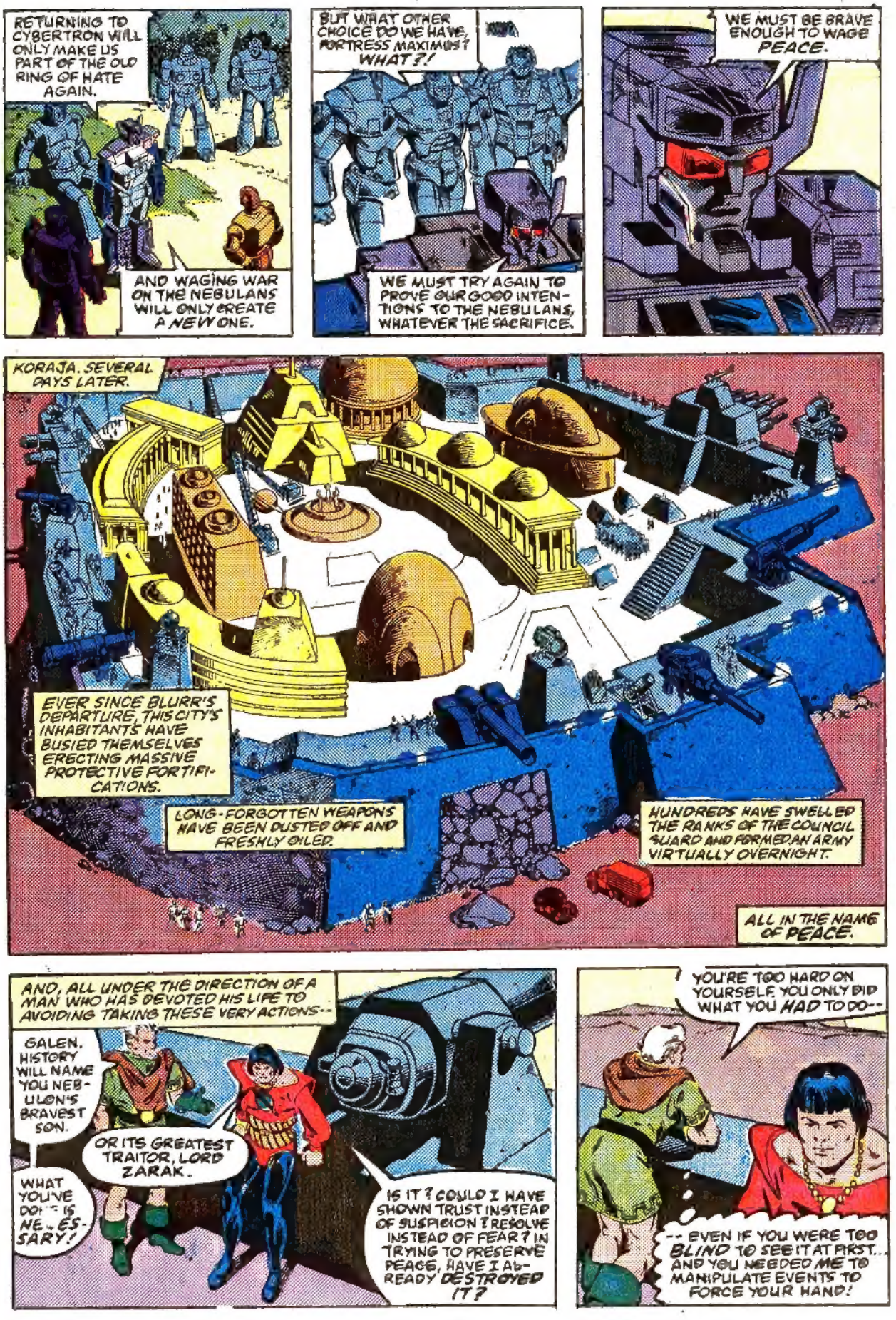

AND BE SHOT IN THE BACK? NO THANKS!
AGKK!
KRAK
UNGHH!!

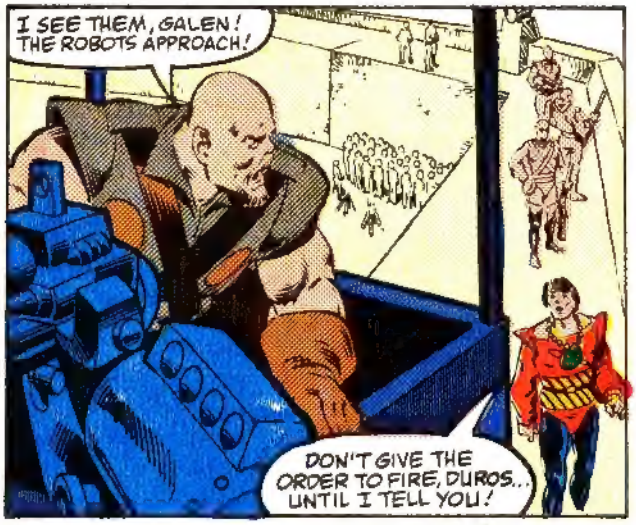

KUP! WE'LL NEVER PROVE OUR PEACEFUL INTENTIONS BY FIRING ON NEBULANS!
I'VE NEVER RUN AWAY FROM A FIGHT, COMMANDER!


YOU WILL NOW-- OR YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT ME!
NO MORE!

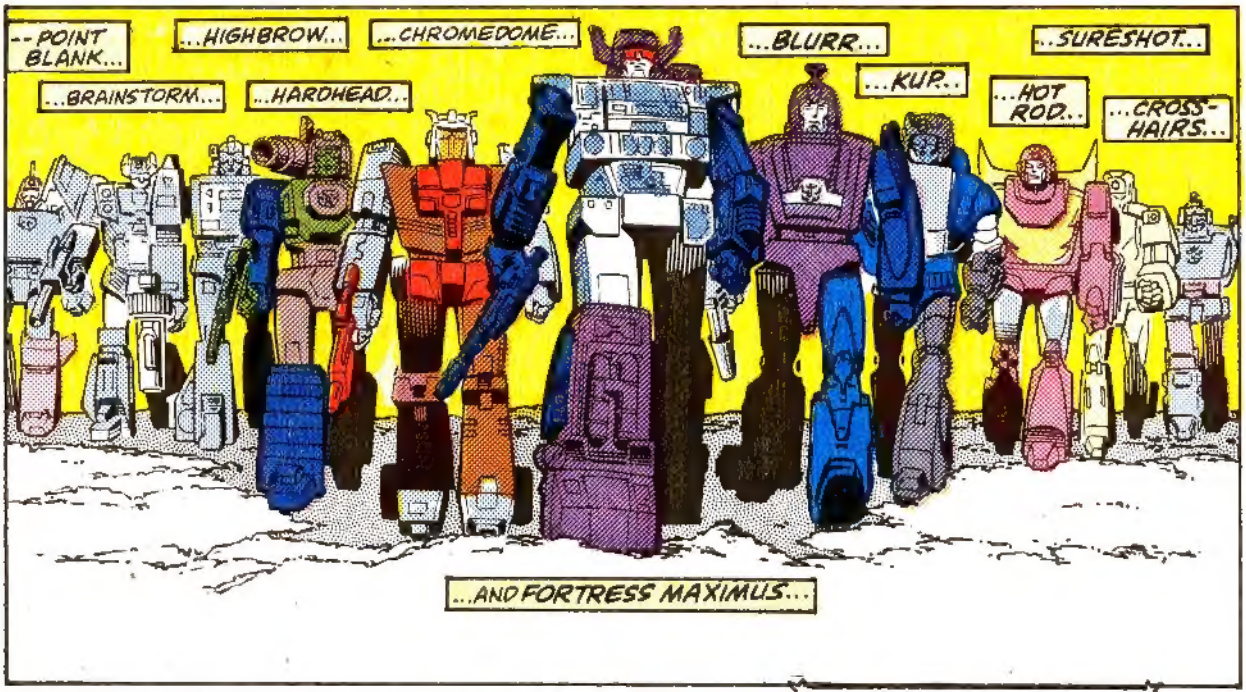

WITH FORTRESS MAXIMUS COVERING THEIR RETREAT, THE AUTOBOTS DISAPPEAR INTO THE NEARBY WOODS...
...WHERE THE DENSE FOLIAGE PREVENTS THE NEBULANS' WAR MACHINES FROM FOLLOWING.

LATER.
THEY'LL DESTROY US IF WE DO NOTHING!
ALREADY, HALF OF US ARE SERIOUSLY DAMAGED!
I'M TIRED OF HIDING. I SAY WE DEFEND OURSELF AGAINST THESE CREATURES!
BESIDES, WE CAN'T STAY MUCH LONGER IN THIS SWAMP, COMMANDER. THE HIGH HUMIDITY POSES A SERIOUS CORROSION THREAT.
LET'S FIGHT OUR WAY OUT!
ENOUGH!
DON'T YOU HEAR WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?
YOU'RE SUGGESTING WE DO THE VERY THINGS WE CAME HERE TO AVOID DOING!

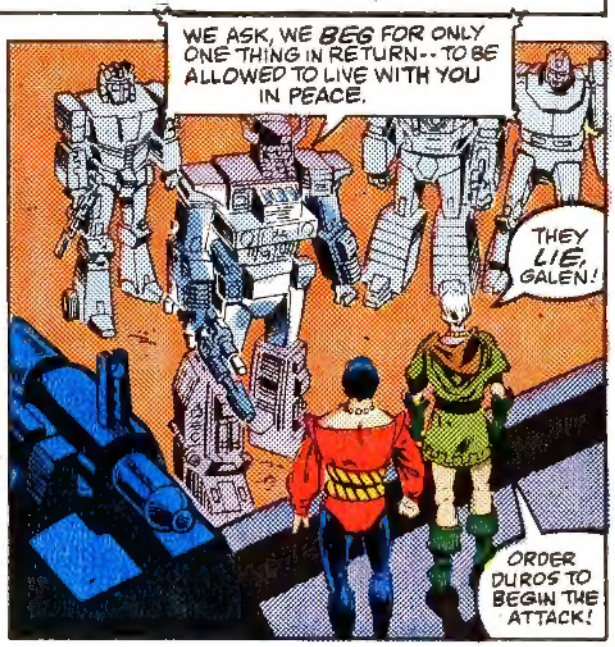

RETURNING TO CYBERTRON WILL ONLY MAKE US PART OF THE OLD RING OF HATE AGAIN.
AND WAGING WAR ON THE NEBULANS WILL ONLY CREATE A NEW ONE.
BUT WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO WE HAVE, FORTRESS MAXIMUS? WHAT?!
WE MUST TRY AGAIN TO PROVE OUR GOOD INTENTIONS TO THE NEBULANS, WHATEVER THE SACRIFICE.
WE MUST BE BRAVE ENOUGH TO WAGE PEACE.
KORAJA. SEVERAL DAYS LATER.
EVER SINCE BLURR'S DEPARTURE, THIS CITY'S INHABITANTS HAVE BUSIED THEMSELVES ERECTING MASSIVE PROTECTIVE FORTIFICATIONS.
LONG-FORGOTTEN WEAPONS HAVE BEEN DUSTED OFF AND FRESHLY OILED.
HUNDREDS HAVE SWELLED THE RANKS OF THE COUNCIL GUARD AND FORMED AN ARMY VIRTUALLY OVERNIGHT.
ALL IN THE NAME OF PEACE.
AND, ALL UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A MAN WHO HAS DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO AVOIDING TAKING THESE VERY ACTIONS--
GALEN. HISTORY WILL NAME YOU NEBULON'S BRAVEST SON.
OR ITS GREATEST TRAITOR, LORD ZARAK.
WHAT YOU'VE DONE IS NECESSARY!
IS IT? COULD I HAVE SHOWN TRUST INSTEAD OF SUSPICION? RESOLVE INSTEAD OF FEAR? IN TRYING TO PRESERVE PEACE, HAVE I ALREADY DESTROYED IT?
YOU'RE TOO HARD ON YOURSELF. YOU ONLY DID WHAT YOU HAD TO DO--
-- EVEN IF YOU WERE TOO BLIND TO SEE IT AT FIRST... AND YOU NEEDED ME TO MANIPULATE EVENTS TO FORCE YOUR HAND!


I SEE THEM, GALEN! THE ROBOTS APPROACH!
DON'T GIVE THE ORDER TO FIRE, DUROS... UNTIL I TELL YOU!

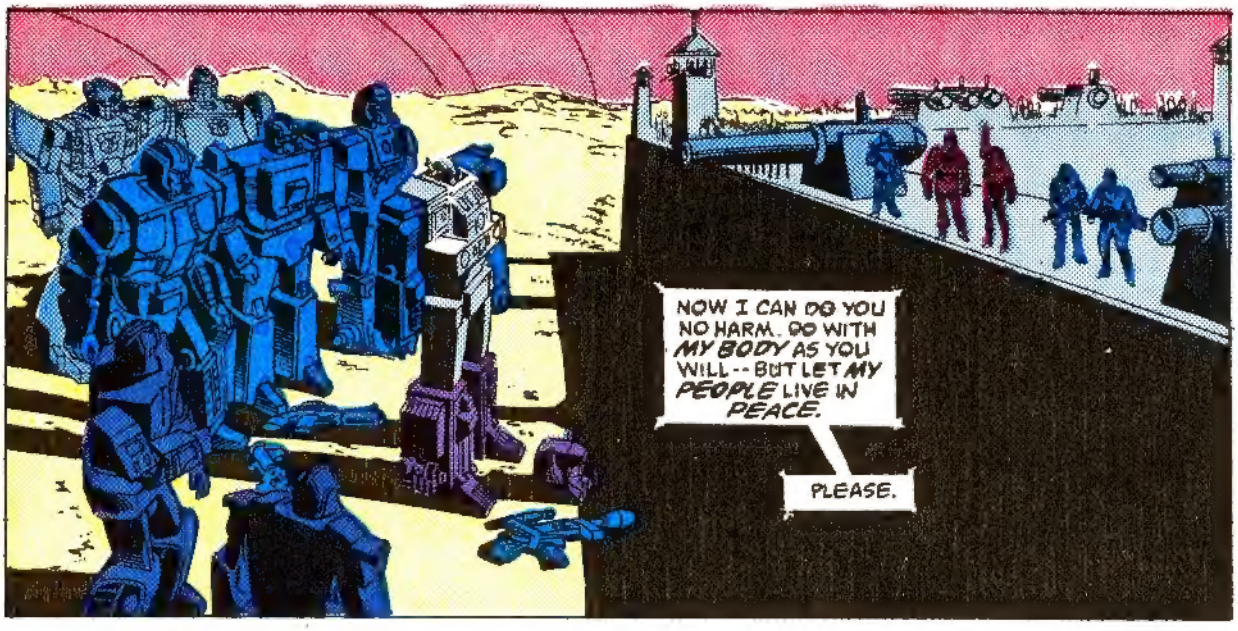
AS THE NEBULANS WATCH IN AWE, ELEVEN AUTOBOTS CROSS THE PLAINS THAT LIE BEFORE THE CITY'S GATES--


--POINT BLANK...
...HIGHBROW...
...CHROMEDOME...
...BLURR...
...SURESHOT...
...BRAINSTORM...
...HARDHEAD...
...KUP...
...HOT ROD...
...CROSS-HAIRS...
...AND FORTRESS MAXIMUS...

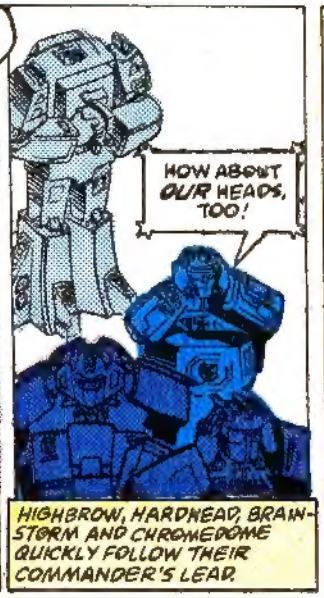
PEOPLE OF NEBULOS, I AM FORTRESS MAXIMUS, LEADER OF THE AUTOBOTS.
WE MEAN YOU NO HARM.
WE WANT TO COOPERATE WITH YOU, SHARE OUR KNOWLEDGE WITH YOU.
WE WANT TO MAKE NEBULOS A BETTER PLACE FOR ALL BEINGS, BOTH ORGANIC AND METALLIC.


WE ASK, WE BEG FOR ONLY ONE THING IN RETURN-- TO BE ALLOWED TO LIVE WITH YOU IN PEACE.
THEY LIE, GALEN!
ORDER DUROS TO BEGIN THE ATTACK!

THEY HAVE TAKEN NO HOSTILE ACTION.
NOT YET. BUT THESE ARE COLD CALCULATING MACHINES! THEY ARE PROGRAMMED TO DESTROY US!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!
PLEASE, YOU MUST LISTEN TO US-- WE MEAN YOU NO HARM! LET US PROVE IT!
SHOOT, YOU COWARDS, SHOOT!
BUT WITHOUT GALEN'S SIGNAL, THE NEBULAN GUARDSMEN HOLD THEIR FIRE.
AUTOBOTS DISARM!
DON'T YOU SEE, GALEN-- IT'S A TRICK!
STILL YOU DOUBT US?
THEN I WILL GIVE YOU THE MOST I HAVE TO GIVE--
RRIPP
--MY HEAD!

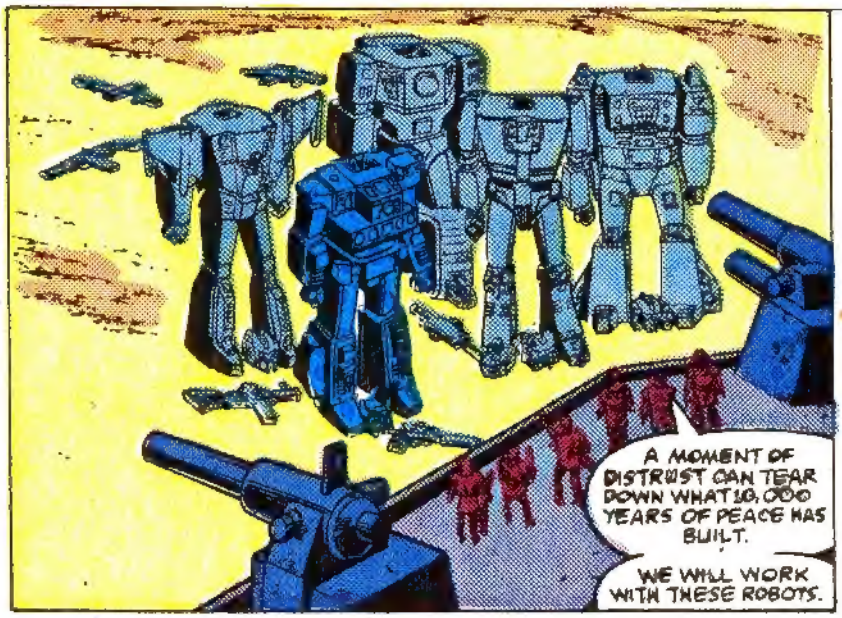

NOW I CAN DO YOU NO HARM. DO WITH MY BODY AS YOU WILL -- BUT LET MY PEOPLE LIVE IN PEACE.
PLEASE.

NO! DON'T BE FOOLED BY SUCH GROTESQUE THEATRICS, GALEN! DESTROY THEM!


HOW ABOUT OUR HEADS, TOO!
HIGHBROW, HARDHEAD, BRAINSTORM AND CHROMEDOME QUICKLY FOLLOW THEIR COMMANDER'S LEAD.

DUROS -- LOWER WEAPONS.

ARE YOU MAD?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE IN THE FIRST PLACE, LORD ZARAK -- NOTHING.


A MOMENT OF DISTRUST CAN TEAR DOWN WHAT 10,000 YEARS OF PEACE HAS BUILT.
WE WILL WORK WITH THESE ROBOTS.

THERE WILL BE NO WAR TODAY.
NEXT: THE DECEPTICONS ARRIVE -- AND THE HEADMASTERS ARE BORN!